



UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXI.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 9, 1871.

NO. 32.

The Coming Man.

COME here, my little man !
Tell me your age, I pray,
And what's your name, and how you spend
Your time—in work or play ?”

“ I'm free years old, I am ;
I'm mamma's ' brave Rob Roy ' !
I'm grandma's pet—that's what's my name—
And papa's ' shoo-fly boy.' ”

“ Next year I'll be a man,
And have a dog and gun,
And red top boots, and smoke cigars,
And have such lots o' fun.

“ *Poor* little boys tan work ;
My papa's rich, you know ;
He says he don't mean *me* to work,
As *common peoples* do.”

* * * * *

Alas ! that sin should soil
A soul just out of heaven,
That pride and worldly lust should be
The earliest lesson given.

Alas ! that man should mar
The work of God's own hands,
That lisping lips no more are taught
Of heaven and heaven's commands !

There are no children left,
Only the “ coming man ”—
Hewn to the shape *his father wears*,
Fashioned upon *his plan*—

Baptized in smoke and wine,
The time is coming when
These “ infant men ” shall rule and reign—
God help the nation then !

Little Chief.

We are little children—
Weak, and apt to stray ;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

For the Myrtle.

Tommy Gray and the Prince.



SOON after
Tommy Gray
arrived at the
home where
he now lives
he was surprised and
shocked at finding the
corner by the stove,
the plate of food in the
shed, and the sunny
side of the barn,
claimed by one who had
as good a right as he
to them—perhaps a
better right, as it was
a *Prince*.

Prince Hatch was a beautiful brown and white dog, a very intelligent dog, and a dog of good habits, who was to live at Mr. Gray's a few weeks, as his master had no place in which to keep him.

Tommy and Prince were formally introduced, that is—Mr. Gray said : “ Prince, do you see that cat ?”

“ Wow,” said Prince, wagging his tail and showing his teeth, evidently expecting to be “ set on,” and resolving to make short work of this invader of his domain.

“ Tommy,” said Mr. Gray, “ do you see that dog ?”

“ S-s-s-s-gr-r-r-oul !” replied Tommy, striking at the Prince with all his finger-nails extended, which meant : “ Won't I just scratch his eyes

out when you let me go?" (for Mr. Gray was holding them apart).

"Now," continued the gentleman, "you must try to be good friends. You must eat out of the same dish, sleep in the same room, and treat each other with the greatest kindness. You, Prince, must never chase Tommy, even in fun, and Tom must never scratch even so much as the tip of Prince's tail." Then boxing the ears of each, to show that he was in earnest, Mr. Gray let them go.

Slowly and cautiously the rivals approached each other, both sniffing the air, as if to see if they scented danger, until their noses nearly touched, then warned by a threatening "Ah!" from Mr. Gray, they drew back, and each walked proudly away.

"Good friends"—Mr. Gray ought hardly to expect that. Friends they certainly were not, nor even "kind to each other," but oh, so polite! If Prince was eating his supper and Tommy came up for a share, the dog would instantly draw back and wait until kittie had finished. If Tommy was basking in the sun behind the barn, and Prince came trotting round the corner, the kittie would immediately arise and walk slowly away. And if Lizzie went to walk, the one who started first accompanied her, as neither would intrude his presence upon the other.

There was, however, a vein of selfishness in each, notwithstanding this appearance of generosity. For instance, one day Tommy was regaling himself with a plate of hash, nice, warm, savory hash, which he ate in the way best calculated for enjoyment, picking up a little morsel in his own dainty way, and extracting every particle of richness of flavor before swallowing it and taking another. Eva and Lizzie were standing by, laughing at kittie's epicurean manner. Suddenly, through the lattice which formed the front of the shed, Tom saw the Prince entering the yard and evidently coming directly to the place.

"O the hash, the hash!" thought Tommy. "That great, ugly, gormandizing dog will eat it all up at one mouthful, if I do not finish it before he gets here." And he began to eat as if for a wager, determined, if it killed him, to put the hash out of Prince's reach. What huge mouthfuls he took! How quickly he swallowed without stopping to taste or chew! (and Prince came nearer.) How he gorged and stuffed and choked and sneezed! (Prince began to trot.)

Faster and faster ate Tom, it seemed as if he would burst. (Prince was coming up the steps.) The hash was nearly gone. Tom looked like a sausage; one more effort and the last morsel of hash disappeared just as Prince walked in, and Tommy has detested hash ever since.

It was really comical to see them meet, as they often did, at the kitchen door. Prince outside, complacently wagging his tail, waiting to come in; kittie inside, with a lovely "grin" on his amiable face, patiently waiting to be let out, each unconscious that the other was so near. When Mary came along to pass through the door, kittie would rise, look pleadingly at the door handle, and up in Mary's face; Prince, hearing footsteps, would wag harder and fix his eyes earnestly on the crack under the door. When the next moment the two were face to face, such a look of disgust and aversion as each would put on! Shrinking to the extreme opposite side of the door, each would pass the other—not too quickly for dignity, but quickly enough to avoid a bite or scratch if one should be offered.

At last a tragic event happened. Mary came running into the house, pale, tearful, and trembling, crying:

"Prince has killed Tommy. Oh dear! Prince has killed him!"

It seems that Mary was at work in the barn, when she suddenly heard a great spitting, barking, and growling in the cellar. Suspecting the cause she ran down stairs, and in the dark could just discern Prince snapping and growling at the poor kitten whose cries were even then growing fainter. Mary tried to drive the dog away, but he worried the cat all the more; in her excitement and rage she seized his tail with both hands, planted her feet firmly and pulled with all her might, in vain. A moment more there was a sound of cracking bones and the poor kittie was dead.

Hastily lighting a lamp the whole family, with the exception of Mr. Gray who was absent, proceeded to the barn cellar. Sure enough there lay the poor cat with torn fur and glazed eyes, and broken bones, the white spot under his chin stained with blood. Prince stood by regarding the scene with great astonishment. After a few moments, during which no one spoke, they went up stairs into the yard and stood looking sorrowfully into each other's faces. Prince running from one to another and into the barn as if to

express something, he hardly knew what. Lizzie, all at once, sat plump down on the ground and began to cry bitterly, tears stood in Mrs. Gray's eyes, Mary put her apron over her head, and Eva started to bring the biggest stick she could find, and Prince ran around like one distracted. Back came Eva with the stick, took Prince by the collar, and all looked on to see him receive the hardest whipping a dog ever deserved. Prince whined and begged and nearly dragged Eva into the barn, but she raised the stick and—

"There's your old cat!" said grandpa, pointing into the barn, and sure enough Tommy Gray was poking lazily along, his fur stuck full of hay, stretching and gaping, blinking at the light, and evidently wondering what all the noise was about. If ever Prince was glad to see that Tommy Gray it was then.

"It's the ghost of the cat!" screamed Mary.

"No, Prince killed a stranger, and Tommy was asleep on the hay, that is what Prince tried to tell us, by running into the barn and whining."

Then came a change in the scene. Lizzie hugged Tommy, Eva hugged Prince, everybody laughed, and Mary ran down cellar to see if there was any cat there at all.

For several weeks after, if anybody called Tommy Gray, Prince would run to show where he was, and prove that he had not killed him.

Eva.

Little Willie and His Father.

When Willie Lincoln, son of the great martyr of liberty, was only seven years of age, he was a fair, lively little fellow. It was just after his father had been nominated for President of the United States, and I had the pleasure of a visit, by invitation, with him at his house, then at Springfield, the capital of the State. While there little Willie came in, and said to his father, as he looked anxiously into his face:

"Father, I want twenty-five cents."

"What do you want to do with twenty-five cents, my son?"

"I want to buy candy," said Willie.

"I shall not give you twenty-five, but I will give you five," said his father; and with his thumb and finger he took it from his vest pocket, and placed it on the desk before him.

Willie was spunky at this, and would not touch

the money because it was not twenty-five cents, so he turned away, and went clambering down the broad stairs into the Capitol Park.

Mr. Lincoln said, "He will be back after that."

"Do you think so?" said I.

"I know he will," said Mr. Lincoln, "as soon as he finds I will not give him more."

Twenty minutes passed, and it was almost forgotten, when little Willie came round by my chair and close to his father's chair, reached as far as he could, took the five cents and went away without saying a word.

So, my young friends, Willie did not have his own way, you see, and his father knew best what to do with his boy, and Willie got along just as well with five as with twenty-five. How often it happens, when little seven-year-old boys, and girls, too, think they must have a rocking-horse, a walking doll, a new dress, or striped pants at five times the necessary expense! Ah, dear children, remember your parents know best what is for your good.

S. S. Advocate.

The Golden Side.

HERE is many a rest in the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure.
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are ready and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit down and grieve and wonder.



A Meadow Funeral.

A STately hearse with nodding plumes,
 And steeds adorned with funeral blooms;
 A priest with dirges sad and low,
 A weeping mourner following slow,
 What grander funeral e'er was seen
 Than robin's in the meadow green?

A grave beneath the rustling trees,
 Swept by the summer's balmy breeze,
 While o'er it swells the wild bird's song,
 And skies drop gold the whole day long,
 What fairer home in earth's broad breast,
 Than robin's, laid with tears to rest.

For the Myrtle.

Lotty's Mission.



LOTTY ANDERSON was sitting cosily enough, in a large rocking-chair in her own room, enjoying very much the interesting book she was reading. All the morning she had been doing everything that a little girl only twelve years old could, to help her mother, and she felt she had a perfect right to the good time she was having. The book in her hand was a present from her uncle. He had given it to her the evening before, and she had had no time to read in it until now.

When her mother sent her in the morning to put her room in order, Lotty had been sadly tempted to look inside the pretty covers and read just a little, but something seemed to say to her "be faithful to thy mission, be faithful to thy mission." So Lotty resisted the temptation, and shut the book away from sight and went about her work. "Mother sent me to do this work," thought Lotty, "and of course this is my mission now, and I must be faithful." Lotty had often sung those words,

"Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet,
Shall be thy just reward."

Here, mission means charge or trust. Every person has a mission to perform. We are placed upon the earth to fit ourselves for spending an eternity in heaven. Every minute has a work for us to do; it may be to perform a weary labor or learn a hard lesson; or it may be to refresh and strengthen the body, or to speak a gentle word, or give a kindly smile. We may not be able to see very clearly just what our mission is, but if we faithfully perform the duty nearest to us, we cannot go astray. Lotty's mother had told her this, and she was sincerely trying to be faithful to her mission.

But we left Lotty very much engaged in reading a new book; right in the midst of a pleasant chapter was she, when her brother Harry came to ask her to help him find his history.

It was not pleasant for Lotty to be interrupted just then; she almost gave him an impatient answer. But the little monitor whispered, "Be faithful, be faithful," and Lotty checked the coming words and went to help him. Soon she remembered that she used the book and left it in



her own room the day before, and there she found it for Harry.

"I'm glad I didn't speak those cross words," thought Lotty, as she resumed her reading, "it was my fault that he couldn't find it after all."

But there came another interruption for Lotty, this time it was her mother who spoke.

"Lotty," said she, "wouldn't you like to go to Uncle William's, and carry the basket of provisions I cooked for them this morning?"

Uncle William and his wife were an aged couple that lived by themselves in a tumbledown house quite a distance from the highway.

They were not truly related to any one as Lotty knew, but every one called them Uncle William and Aunt Rachael. Generally Lotty would have been pleased to carry them the things, but this afternoon she did not want to.

So plainly did her face show how she felt, that her mother did not wait for a reply in words, but said, "Very well, my daughter, I shall not oblige you to go," and left her to her book.

But Lotty's book seemed to have lost its interest. She saw the reproachful look on her mother's face, and she knew it was because of her selfishness. She seemed to hear the words, "thy mission, thy mission."

"What is my mission now, I wonder," said Lotty, not noticing that she was speaking aloud, until her mother replied,

"I think it is to give up your own selfish will for the good of others, Lotty."

"I think it must be that, too," said Lotty, blushing and looking very much ashamed. "I will take the basket now, if you will let me, mother."

"You may take it," said her mother, "and I hope the time will come when my Lotty will not let a little inconvenience to herself keep her from doing a kindness for any one, most of all to the poor and needy."

"I will try to be a good girl," said Lotty, gently, and taking the basket, she started cheerfully on her errand.

Lotty soon turned from the dusty road into the woods and followed a well-worn crooked footpath that was thickly strewn with rustling leaves. After a time she came to a little brook which she crossed by stepping carefully on the smooth stones placed there for that purpose. Lotty always loved to linger beside this little brook. On its banks in their season she found large sweet strawberries, hanging heavily on their slender stems. Here in August the cardinal flowers hung out their scarlet plumes. This time Lotty only paused to pull some of the long strings of moss from an ancient tree that hung over the laughing water, and then hurried on her way and soon came to a large, square field, in the centre of which stood the old black house.

Pulling the leather latch-string, Lotty stood in the little entry, the floor of which was worn into little hollows by the tread of many feet. Inside the blackened walls there were few of the modern home comforts. A bed and table, a few rush bottomed chairs, an open cupboard with a few dishes in sight, and an immense fireplace with a kettle singing in the cram, were all that Lotty saw. The gratitude and pleasure with which the gift was received was not to be mistaken. Again and again Aunt Rachael said with her trembling voice, "Tell your mother I send her a thousand thanks."

Lotty felt her cheeks burn as she recalled her unwillingness to do the service she had done. As she contrasted their home with her own, she felt more than ever grateful for the privileges and comforts with which she was surrounded. With a light heart she took her homeward way.

"I could not have felt nearly as happy if I had spent the afternoon in reading," thought Lotty, "for that would have been all for myself."

In trying to give others happiness, she had received a double portion herself. Truly it has been said "It is more blessed to give than to receive."
H. H. D.

Do What You Can.

Don't think there is nothing
For children to do,
Because they can't work like a man;
The harvest is great,
And the laborers few.
Then, children, do all that you can.

You think if great riches
You had at command,
Your zeal should no weariness know;
You'd scatter your wealth
With a liberal hand,
And succor the children of woe.

But what if you've naught
But a penny to give?
Then give it, though scanty your store;
For those who give nothing
When little they have,
When wealthy will do little more.

It was not the offspring
Of pomp and of power,
It was not the golden bequest,
Ah, no! 'twas the mite
From the hand of the poor,
That Jesus applauded and blest.

Then don't be a sluggard,
And live at your ease,
And life with vain pleasures beguile;
But ever be active
And busy as bees,
And God on your labors will smile.

The President's Thanksgiving.

A father sitting down to the thanksgiving dinner, and contemplating the table with satisfaction, said heartily: "Well! I don't believe the President dines off a better turkey than this to-day."

The little six-year-old brightened up quickly and said: "Now you don't think the President would have a turkey to-day, do you?"

The mother, surprised but interested in the boy's question, replied:—

"Why, Eddie, what do you suppose he would have?"

"Do you think he would have anything so common" (with a peculiarly scornful expression) "as a turkey?"

"Yes, indeed! What could he have better?"

"Why! I should think, to be sure, he would have nothing for dinner to-day but a splendid American eagle!"



More of "Tommy Gray."

"Eva," who gave us the true history of "Tommy Gray," promised, as our readers will remember, to write his obituary if ever he died. But she has been moved to add another chapter of his living history, as appears on the first page, and sends the following apology to the editor, which we give to the readers :

Dear Editor:—Not long since I received a letter from a reader of the MYRTLE, who lives in Mobile, Ala., in which he requested me to write more about "Tommy Gray," before he (Tommy Gray) dies. In answer to that request, I send you the enclosed "Tommy Gray and the Prince," hoping you are not "all tired out" of him. *Eva.*

We think other readers, besides the one in Mobile, will be glad to have yet other chapters of that cat's eventful biography.

—Sunday Schools in our own country are far better provided for than many of the schools in England are. An American clergyman writing from Dublin, gives this account of one of the principal Sunday Schools in that city: "I found the Sunday School in session in the basement—a large, dark, damp room, with a high ceiling. It was the first Sunday School I had seen this side of the water. A few large pictures shone dimly on the further wall. More than a third of the long, straight board benches were without backs. The few chairs scattered about the room for teachers' accommodation gave evidence of long use. There were about two hundred and forty present, of whom perhaps forty were under *fourteen* years of age! I could not learn that there was any 'infant class,' or anything of the kind. On inquiry, I was informed that the smaller children could not stay to the church service; and, therefore, must be mostly left at home. Nearly one third of those present were boys, young men, whose seats were *entirely* without backs, and who rose in a body at prayer, *turned their backs to the desk*, and stood thus reverently during the prayer. Three or four little girls near me kneeled on the stone floor, and the rest sat with bowed heads."

The same writer very justly adds: "While it is easy to see the faults in our American Sunday Schools, and while it is important to have their lack and their faults pointed out and condemned, there is reason for gratitude to God that the churches in this country have been led to do so much more for the children of their charge than has yet been attempted in Great Britain."

—A sensible resolution was passed by a Presbyterian Association in Ohio, recommending each church, when providing at the commencement of the year for its annual expenditures, to include the expenses of the Sunday School.

In the library of the late Dr. Williams, at Red-cross Street, London, there is a curious manuscript, containing the whole book of Psalms and all the New Testament, except the Revelations, in fifteen volumes, folio. The whole is written in characters an inch long, with a white composition, on black paper, manufactured on purpose. This perfectly unique copy was written in 1745, at the cost of Mr. Harris, a tradesman of London, whose sight having decayed with age so as to prevent his reading the Scriptures, though printed in the largest type, he incurred the expense of this transcription, that he might enjoy those sources of comfort which are "more to be desired than gold—yea, than much fine gold."

Chip Reading.

Chip reading! What is that? some of our young readers may say. Read the following talk of a father to his son, and you will find out. All the boys and girls who are fond of reading the cheap and silly fiction that is so plentifully seen in these days, will understand the talk about chips. Here it is:

"A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

'Well,' said his father, 'You've fallen behind this month, have you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How did that happen?'

'Don't know, sir.'

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of dime novels and illustrated story papers scattered about the house; but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor. And he said to his son:—

'Empty out those apples, and take the basket, and bring it to me half full of chips.'

Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed.

'And now,' he continued, 'put those apples back into the basket.'

When half the apples were replaced, the son said:—

'Father, they roll off. I can't put in any more.'

'Put them in, I tell you my son.'

'But, father, I can't put them in.'

'No, of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips and then fill it with apples? You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school; and I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much. And here you've been the past month, filling it up with *CHIP DIRT—dime novels and silly stories!*

The boy turned on his heel, whistled, and said, 'Whew! I see the point.'

No such reading has been seen in that house from that day."

Spread of the Gospel.

It is worthy of notice always, how rapidly Christianity spread after it was proclaimed by the Apostles of Jesus. Within thirty-four years after the death of their Master, his religion was so extended as to have numerous followers in a city 1500 miles distant,—followers who suffered torments of every kind rather than renounce their faith. How in view of this can it be supposed that Christ was an imposter? For how could men willing to die for what they believed to be the truth, be so indifferent to truth as to embrace falsehood, and become the dupes of a deceiver? The Gospel is of God, and its preservation in the world, and its steady progress among the nations, shows that it is. It will one day fill the whole earth.

Views of Death.

How differently death may be regarded by different persons. We have thought of this just now in reading the remarks of two girls on the death of a young friend.

"She died," said Mary, "and was buried in the ground where the trees grow."

"The cold ground?" said Kate, shuddering.

'No, the warm ground,' returned Mary, "where the ugly little seeds are turned into beautiful flowers, and where God's people turn into angels, and fly away to Heaven."

Our readers who are acquainted with the Bible, will remember that this is one of the titles applied to God—"I am." It signifies his unchangeableness. It declares that he is ever the same, whatever changes may come to his children, and however many of his material works may pass away or take new forms. Therefore we may trust in him always. We pass away from the present life; but God remains our Father and Friend, evermore.



Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LXV.

JESUS AT THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.—PART II.

“It is a solemn assembly.”

SCRIPTURE, — John vii. 37-53 ; vii. 1.

Question. — On which day of the Feast did Jesus speak especially to the people ?

Answer. — John vii. 37.

NOTE. The great day of the Feast was the eighth day. Lev. xxiii. 36. This day was not only the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles, but was also the close of the last feast of the year, and was an occasion of unusual joy. In Numb. xxix. 12-38, minute directions are given for every day of the Feast.

Q. — What did Jesus first say to the people ?

A. — John vii. 37, 38.

NOTE. A custom prevailed during the seven days of the Feast, of a priest bringing water in a golden vessel from the pool of Siloam with a jubilant procession to the temple. The priest who carried the water to the temple stood upon the altar and poured out the water there. Then the Psalms from cxiii to cxviii were sung. The practice is supposed to have reference to the striking of the rock by Moses and the supplying the Israelites with water. Jesus took occasion to refer to this practice and say, “If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.” Some of the Jews supposed that the custom had reference to the gift of the Holy Spirit in the days of the Messiah. Isaiah xii. 3.

Q. — To what did Jesus refer in these words ?

A. — John vii. 39.

Q. — To whom was the Holy Spirit to be given ?

A. — John vii. 39.

Q. — What did the people say of Jesus ?

A. — John vii. 40, 41.

Q. — By what question did some attempt to prove that Jesus was not the Christ ?

A. — John vii. 41.

Q. — Had the chief priests and Pharisees sent officers to arrest Jesus ?

A. — John vii. 45.

Q. — Did these officers arrest him ?

A. — John vii. 44.

Q. — When the Pharisees asked the officers why they did not arrest him, what did they say ?

A. — John vii. 46.

Q. — What contemptuous answer did they make to the soldiers ?

A. — John vii. 48, 49.

Q. — Who attempted to say a word in Christ's behalf ?

A. — John vii. 50.



Enigma.

What woman told her child to ask

For John the Baptist's head ?

What man a falsehood told, and then

Immediately fell dead ?

Who was the friend whom Jesus loved,

That from the grave he raised ?

Whose wife became a heap of salt

Because she turned and gazed ?

What prophet did the children mock ?

What woman purple sell,

Whom Paul converted ; and a time

Within her house did dwell ?

King David sent whom to the front,

In war his life to take ?

Who on an altar once was bound,

An offering to make ?

What king told Paul his words almost

Persuaded him to be

A Christian. And what other king

Was told the Lord's decree

That he should die : and when he prayed

For longer life, with tears,

The Lord his word's fulfillment staid,

And granted fifteen years.

My whole we use in praising God,

A word that means “Praise ye the Lord.”

Answers.

DEC. 2. Gideon ; Kadesh ; Amen ; Rephiah ; Thomas ; Cainan ;
Felix Fear God and keep his commandments.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,
37 Cornhill, Boston.

BENTON SMITH, Agent.

TERMS—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

Single copy, or less than ten, 75 cents per year.

Ten or more copies sent in one package, *without names*, to one address, 50 cents each per year.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The printed date upon each wrapper will show each subscriber how the account stands, and none need expect it continued beyond the term paid for.

In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

Address “Universalist Publishing House,”

37 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.